Armes, armes, ſword, fire, corruption in the place,
Falſe Iuſticer, why haſt thou let her ſcape?
Edg. Bleſſe thy fiue wits.
Kent. O pitty ſir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine.
Edg. My teares begin to take his part ſo much,
They'l marre my counterfeting.
Lear. The little dogs and all,
Trey, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-hart*, ſee they barke at me.
Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs.
Be thy mouth, or blacke or white, tooth that poiſons if it bite,
Maſtiue, Gray-hound, Mungrel, Grim-hound, or Spaniell, Brach
or Him, Bobtaile tike, or Trundle-taile, *Tom* will make them
weepe and waile. For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape
the hatch, and all are fled, loudla doodla, come march to wakes,
and faires, and market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry.
Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, ſee what breeds about
her,
Hart is there any cauſe in nature that makes this hardneſſe;
You ſir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,
Onely I do not like the faſhion of your garment; you'l ſay
They are Perſian attire, but let them be changed.
Kent. Now good my Lord lie here a while.
Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Curtaines, ſo,
ſo, ſo, wee'l go to ſupper in the morning, ſo, ſo, ſo.

Enter Gloceſter.

Gloſt. Come hither friend, where is the King my maſter?
Kent. Here ſir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.
Gloſt. Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes,
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him,
There is a Litter ready, lay him in it, and driue towards *Douer*,
friend,
Where thou ſhalt meete both welcome and protection; take vp
thy maſter,
If thou ſhouldſt dally halfe an houre, his life with thine,
And all that offer to defend him, ſtand in aſſured loſſe,

Take

Take vp to keepe, and follow me that will to ſome prouiſion
Giue thee quicke conduct.
Kent. Oppreſſed nature ſleepes,
This reſt might yet haue balmed thy broken ſinewes,
Which if conuenience will not allow, ſtand in hard cure,
Come helpe to beare thy Maſter, thou muſt not ſtay behinde. *Exit.*
Gloſt. Come, come, away.
Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarſely thinke our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, moſt i'th minde,
Leauing free things and happy ſhowes behinde,
But then the minde much ſufferance doth ore-skip,
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip:
How light and portable my paine ſeemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed as I fatherd, *Tom* away,
Marke the high noiſes, and thy ſelfe bewray,
When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iuſt proofe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, ſafe ſcape the King,
Lurke, lurke.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonorill, and Baſtard.

Corn. Poſte ſpeedily to my Lord your husband, ſhew him this
Letter,
The army of *France* is landed, ſeeke out the villaine *Gloceſter*.
Regan. Hang him inſtantly.
Gon. Plucke out his eyes.
Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſure, *Edmund* keepe you our ſi-
ſter company. The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trai-
terous father, are not fit for your beholding, aduiſe the Duke
where you are going to a moſt feſtuant preparation, wee are
bound to the like.
Our poſte ſhall be ſwift and intelligence betwixt vs;
Farwell deare ſiſter, farwell my Lord of *Gloceſter*.
How now, wheres the King?

Enter